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# The Missionary Helper

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DORIS ELIZABETH FOLSOM, EDITOR

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## Responsive Music

BY HOPESTILL FARNHAM

He swept his bow across the vibrant strings.  
Responsive to his touch the air was stirred,  
Straightway, with sweetest music. Like a bird  
That mounting beats the air with quivering wings,  
Or pausing, too full-throated, outward flings  
A sudden song. Afar, and faintly heard,  
Now nearer, clearer, notes impassioned slurred  
Across the silence 'till it throbs and rings.

The master, from a soulless instrument,  
Draws melody that moves our hearts until  
They beat to music. With what swift assent  
Should souls respond to touch Divine, and thrill  
To heights of harmony undreamed,—intent  
On answering the Great Musician's will!

### **FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK**

August—vacation—Ocean Park—Annual Meeting! These are the near at hand thoughts which come to us this month. But thought is ever moving, ever changing,—yes ever progressing toward the goal which makes the center of our lives. Then let our series progress to Future—Resumed duties and their joys—Our Mission Field in its broadest meaning—Fresh and increased consecration to service.

In Dr. Henry Van Dyke's recent book, "The Valley of Vision," is a beautiful charge to action and service, in his story "The Boy of Nazareth Dreams:" "This is what you must do, you must fight against this evil, you must drive out the darkness, you must be a light, you must save the people—this is your Father's work for you to do."

The "voice of the spirit" thus spoke to the boy Jesus as he was separated from his parents, as he looked and thought on the daily life, the social attitude, the religious teaching of his people. He saw his opportunity, he received his call, and we privileged folk of to-day are the happy and blessed reapers of the harvest of his planting.

To be a Christian is to believe in Christ and in the Father to whom he points; to love and worship the true God; to live apart from the things which would displease Him, except in so far as we can live to carry them. It is more,—it is to follow Christ's example and to live the active life which will add to the comfort and knowledge of mankind open the doors of our opportunity to less fortunate brothers and sisters. —We must "drive out the darkness, be a light, save the people." This is our Father's work for us to do.

May our ambition and prayer for the year be for the ability to see the wrong and to help to right it, to hear God's message and to understand it, to know God's will and to do it, to press on toward the joy and the helpfulness of a truly Christian life of service.

With the thought of our own vacation days is mingled the news from India of the vacation plans of some of our missionary friends. Dr. Mary writes under date of May 19th that Miss Coombs has gone to Toong for her holiday, where she spent such pleasant and helpful days

last year, and that Miss Porter has left Balasore for South India. At that time Miss Barnes, on her way to Chandipore, was with Dr. Mary. She writes, 'We begin our vacation activities tomorrow, and have nearly arranged the program. Where so many are concerned it is not well to have too much spare time. I want the girls to have several little expeditions. I hope all will keep well, and not quarrel or get into fusses.' We hope this vacation may be all that has been anticipated by both girls and teachers.

Just this time, too, is the furlough time of several of our workers in the Foreign Field. The Howards and the Murphys have come back, and we have been very glad of their letters printed in the Helper since their return. Mrs. Krause, with her baby, and Mrs. Holder and Doris are also in this country, and we hope that "back home" may mean a return of health as well. Some of us have had the pleasure at Ocean Park of personally greeting Miss Gowen, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Jordan, and the Frosts. At present Mr. Frost is working for the financial interests of a dormitory for the Boys' High School at Balasore. . . . . Mrs. Shirley Smith Thompson, formerly one of our efficient missionaries with her children, has left Hillsdale, Michigan, to join Dr. Thompson in California. During the summer Mrs. Thompson will be at I Beach, California. . . . . Miss Ada Bell Kennan, daughter of Albert Kennan, who is one of our missionaries now in this country, received the degree of, Bachelor of Arts and the State Teachers Certificate from Hillsdale College in June.

When we look ahead to the pleasant side of 1919 Ocean Park events, the happiness can but be touched with the shadow of sadness caused by the sudden death of Rev. W. J. Twort, for so many years Superintendent of the Ocean Park Assembly. Dr. Twort, has held and will always hold a big and friendly place in the heart of all who knew him, from the oldest visitor to the tiniest child at Ocean Park and his was a personality that will always be remembered and missed.

The August number of the Helper, and Annual Meeting time would not be complete without a word from the desk of the Editor, Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb. In her papers is a poem which seems most fitting as characterizing her own life, and her going.

## SHE CAME AND WENT

BY HOPESTILL FARNHAM

She came and went. The place she left  
Is not so dear without her;  
Our loving thoughts like shielding wings  
Were folded close about her.

She seemed not made for common cares,  
Although she did them sweetly,  
We only asked to have her near  
To fill our lives completely.

She need not fret because the flesh  
Was frailer than the power  
That swept through all her loveliness,  
As fragile as a flower.

For when she smiled, our day was bright,  
Her tears were all our sadness,  
And just to serve her day by day  
Was cause enough for gladness.

A lily rare and beautiful,  
We could not love her lightly,  
We longed to be the sun and dew  
To make her blossom whitely.

She came and went. Her spirit drew  
Her far beyond our vision,  
But all the silence draws to her  
In shining fields Elysian.

## AT MINDAPORE WITH MISS DANIELS

Dear Editor of Missionary Helper,

I am encloing something I have written for the Helper, and I am also going to tell you a few things that come to my mind which may be used as news. I may not be the first to tell you that Mrs. Holder and Doris have sailed for America on January nineteenth. Doris has had fever again and again since October and has grown weaker with it all the time. We hoped she would gain strength with the coming of the cold season, but as she didn't, we were afraid she couldn't stand the hot season, so everyone advised Mrs. Holder to take her home. As she and I came together and have been together ever since, it leaves me pretty lonely, though we hope that Miss Barnard will arrive to live with me "some-

time." In the meantime Mr. Long has been married and after spending ten days at the seashore at Puri has brought home Mrs. Long to make the place across the road seem like a real home again, as it hasn't seemed since Mrs. Murphy left in September—which is no reflection on the housekeeping of Dr. Murphy and Mr. Long after she left. The day Mr. Long and his bride arrived, the Christian people and school children gathered at the house with banners and rice and several bombs which were fired on their arrival. As Mrs. Long is a Michigan girl she seems nearer to me and she is going to make just a lovely member of our Midnapore missionary number.



HOUSE OF A VILLAGE CHIEF—INDIA

Before this, someone has written of the death of Mrs. Ager and probably written her life. It was very sad and sudden and I wanted at the time to write my little tribute to the beautiful spirit she always showed when she lived in Midnapore with Mrs. Burkholder, Mrs. Holder and myself. She was so thoughtful of others and so hospitable and gracious to everyone who came. With the Indian people she was always just as kind and generous always taking an interest in each one

and praying most earnestly for the church and the wayward Christians as well as many Hindus of whom we had some slight hope. It seems a great loss to us, her going now.

Just now since Mrs. Holder has gone, I am in mofussil with two Bible women, spending fifteen days in a village ramed Dahijuri, where the people are most eager to listen, and call us to their houses again and again. These two Bible women, Joseida and Sorogeni are just as dear as they can be, and they arn't black in the least to me. I forget that the people are black or that they speak a different tongue, so many times it seems as though they were white and speaking English.

Jeseida is a woman of middle age, some would call her old. She and two of her brothers came out from Hinduism many years ago when she was fifteen years old. I've heard her tell how when she was a little girl and the Hindu priest told them they must not touch a jar of earth and stones which was in the temple to be worshipped, because as the priest said, "The Goddess Sitola herself was inside and if they touched it, blood would come from their mouths three times." She said her brother went into the temple secretly afteer the priest was gone and dug out of the jar a little earth, seven pieces of metal and some dirty water, just to see if there was a god there. When they didn't find any god and nothing happened, their faith in the gods and the priest was gone. She is one of the firest women I ever knew, quiet and humble, but able to talk to Hindu women in a most convincing way, and win in an argument with the most intelligent Hindu man, and she is as faithful and thoughtful and interesting as the best friend anyone ever had.

Sorogeni, the other woman with me is younger and has a husband and two boys whom she has left to come out here for two weeks. She was, some fifteen years ago, a Hirdu widow in a well-to-do family in Midnapore. For many years she went to a mission school and had Christians teachers, but the teaching had never touched her personally until one day Joseida went to see her and asked her directly is she would not be a Christiar. She repelled the idea at first, but from the day of that question, she began to think it over. Two or three Christian

women and one of the missionaries started praying for her especially and sent her Christian books to read, until she finally decided and without having declared her intention either to the Christians or to her own people, one day when the rest of her family had gone to the river to bathe and she was alone, she ran away and came to the mission house to become a Christian. Although her brothers came and tried both by kind persuasion and angry threats to take her home, yet she would not go. She was only a girl of fourteen then, but now she has grown into a fine Christian woman, so thankful that God brought her out of Hinduism and so eager to tell others.

Sincerely yours,

Midnapore.

Ruth Daniels.

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#### AFTER TWO YEARS

**(Letter from Miss Florence H. Doe, Secretary of Nowgong Girls' Training School, Nowgong, Assam, Dated May 28, 1919)**

Dear friends:

I returned to Nowgong on Feb. 15th of this year, after a most delightful voyage of two months with calm seas, warm sunny skies and pleasant traveling acquaintances.

It is not always that a returning missionary has the satisfaction of finding her work in better condition than when she left it, but the force has been kept up here during these two years of absence, and a strong quality of work has been done. Moreover, our work here is cumulative, at a stage when each year reaps the benefits of the year just preceding, so that each class which finishes the school course has better trained teachers and a more advanced kind of instruction than the class that preceded it. The girls themselves recognize this, because, some of the earlier trained teachers here say, "Oh, this year's class is getting something that we did not have! We want to go back and study what we missed."

The graduates of this school are leading the girls of Assam. They are filling the posts as teachers all around, in Government as well as Mission schools. They are going away for advanced training as doctors and nurses, high school teachers and zenana workers. There is a keen spirit of life stirring in the school.

The first decided indication of this which impressed me upon returning was the amount of initiative and capability which is shown by the girls. I was met by a brilliant reception beginning from the edge of the compound and continuing up to the bungalow. As I arrived from the station at seven o'clock in the evening, after a sixteen mile ride in a neighbor's automobile, the girls were lined up in groups according to size and precedence, the whole line lighted and decorated with arches and all the oriental festive touches. Each group sang a song and presented a gift. The school girls had arranged all this welcome themselves, including the interior decoration of the bungalow without any help or suggestion. In a few days they gave a program at school, similarly planned and supervised by a committee of teachers and girls. Besides being an excellent program, every feature of it was new, something that the girls had learned within the two years. There were several clever little dramatizations of stories, also two part singing and rounds, introduced by Miss Vicklard in the Glee Club work which she has conducted with the girls. There was a drill by a class of little girls led by a member of the class. There were a number of selections in English, showing decided improvement in that department, including the appearance of a brand new high school class, our first, with four tall, promising girls, who recited together the 122nd Psalm in good English. The Assembly Room was decorated that day with long strings of the flags of the Allies. A few days later, there was an appeal for funds for the families of Indian soldiers who had been killed in the war. At this meeting the girls improvised a drama in three acts, showing first the soldier being called to service from the midst of his family, then letters from the front with news of his death, and finally the announcement of the arrival of the money which these girls were to con-

tribute for the aid of the bereaved family. There was a substantial contribution made towards the fund. There had just been on two previous days chapel talks by Indian Christian soldiers recently returned from service in France.

This spirit of life in the school is having its effect as well as its cause in the way the girls play. There has been a gradual improvement in this respect for a long time, but now there are more organized games and playground equipment. There are swings and a slide, and there was a small attempt at a merry-go-round. The older girls have basketball, badminton and croquet. The little girls like to jump rope. They love best of all, however, to play store. On Saturday when there is no school, the little ones set up their shops in the back compound, model in clay all sorts of articles for display in their shops and have the same sort of a good time as the children at home under the same circumstances. We are pleased to see this growing impulse to play, because the general tendency among the children of this country is to sit around on berches or on their heels like little old men and women. We intend to give them more playground equipment, and try to encourage them more in its use. The greatest difficulty is that the evenings after school, which offer the only suitable opportunity to play, are all taken up with the amount of housework which the girls have to do. In this school the girls have to hull every mouthful of rice which they eat. They have always done it. This is done by a foot machine called a decky. The decky work four days a week uses up the largest part of the girl's leisure time. Besides this some of them have to do the cooking for the household, some work in the garden or run the lawn-mower. Then they have their own personal sewing to do. By the time these tasks are finished it is usually dusk and the girls gather for evening prayer. Then comes the evening meal followed by study-class and the day is gone.

Our boarding school has not increased in numbers, but there is a continual broadening in the variety of girls who are coming to us, and the scope of the field which opens out as a result of the contact which we get through these girls. It would be a whole subject in itself to describe some of the most interesting characters which have entered the

boarding school during the last two years. It is possible here to touch on only a few of the types. Several new hill tribes are represented, two girls from Manipur State, and one Kuki girl from that wild, uncivilized border tribe. This latter girl is a royal princess. These girls of course have to learn the language the first thing, as Assamese is as foreign to them as it is to you.

The Cacheri girls are still coming in increasing numbers from that heathen village twenty miles out in our own District, from which Bibi and Halimi first pioneered the way five years ago. Each time one of these girls leaves her village to get an education the same little scene is enacted. The village people come in a body here to the bungalow to coax or compel the girl to go back. But the girls take courage from the example of their predecessors and practically always refuse to return, while the villagers themselves are becoming only half-hearted in their opposition. The entire village might easily be won over to Christianity if we could start the right kind of a school among them and have it used as a center for aggressive evangelistic work. The girls of this type usually stay a few years, long enough to become familiar with our religion and learn a few elementary branches, then they return to the village and marry Christian men. Eleven of these Cacheri girls have entered the school in this way. Seven are still here. Two were coaxed back as soon as they came. Two were baptised and are now founding homes, Christian homes, in their village.

Several little Hindu girls have been given to the mission and are living in the Christian boarding hostel. Even two little Mahomedan girls are living in the Christian boarding. This is quite unusual and these are the first cases of the kind, because the Mahomedans do not usually permit their children, even the orphans and the homeless to come under Christian influence any more than they can help, though they all attend the day school. The mother of one of these children pays her boarding fees and expects to take her eventually.

Three new babies have been taken in and are being cared for by our matron, besides five other influenza babies who died soon after being

brought here. The older babies who were so tiny when I saw them last are running around now, three, four and five years old. They are the big seven, and they are the biggest circus in this part of the town. They do a lot to contribute to the general liveliness of our dormitory. It is wonderful to see how the kindergarten training has brought them out. They provide the material for child-study for the boarding girls who are taking normal training, and they form the nucleus for our kindergarten. Eventually, they will become some of our most valuable Mission workers if all goes well. Nearly all are pure Assamese of good blood who came to us merely through the accident of losing their mothers when they most needed them. These babies line up under the direction of ten-year-old Marci, and sing,

"Praise Him, praise Him, all ye little Children!

God is love, God is love!.

Oh, yes, they sing in English, and all sorts of kindergarten songs in Assamese, and other little tricks.

The number of girls coming to board in the Hindu hostel on the compound is another encouraging indication of progress. There are nine this year, the majority studying normal training. Government has just given money for a new Hindu hostel, as the present house is only borrowed from the Evangelistic Department, and will not be large enough for the growing need of the Hindu girls. Practically all of these girls are able to secure positions as soon as they finish their training and all are glad to get them.

We are quite encouraged at the way our girls in the boarding school have changed in the attitude they take toward illness and their ability to care for it. It used to be practically impossible to get the girls to stay with one another at the infirmary at night to care for one of their number when no older person was present. It was almost equally difficult to find anyone else capable or willing to help out with this kind of work, the general attitude of the people towards illness being one of fear and helplessness. Our upper-class girls are now both willing and capable of watching alone, or rather in groups, by the sick, in not too

serious cases, giving medicine and proper food. They are also interested in this work and it has given some of them a new vision of service. They are anxious to study medicine and become skilled for the work.

Kalaazar and hookworm are still the great scourges of the community, more deadly than the prevalent malaria. Cures have been discovered for the two former as well as the well known treatment for the latter, so it becomes now, merely a matter of having leadership and facilities for fighting these diseases.

Our school escaped better than any other institution that we know of in the influenza epidemic. Almost every other boarding school in the Mission had to close for a longer or shorter time on account of this, but the ladies in charge here used a preventive which was recommended to them by the Government physician in the District. It is nothing more nor less than the Hindu sacred tulsi plant, which is cultivated in every Hindu dooryard, and carefully watered and tended every day as an offering to the gods. It is known to have medicinal properties for colds and throat trouble. The girls were given this to chew regularly, and they liked it as well as chewing gum. They were watched for symptoms and treated with stronger medicines when they showed any, with the result that the school hardly had a serious case of the "flu." The whole town escaped more lightly than many other places. We mention this especially as an encouraging indication of the superior healthful location of our town and compound.

(Continued in September Helper)

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#### IN MEMORIAM

MISS MARCIA A. GARLAND, APRIL 9, 1919.

Member of Hampton, N. H. Auxiliary.

It is not death to die;  
To leave this weary road,  
And 'midst the brotherhood on high  
To be at home with God.  
Jesus, Thou Prince of Life!  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.

—Selected.

## THE ATTITUDE OF CHINA AND WHAT SHE EXPECTS OF AMERICA

By Wayne C. Jordan

There has been growing up in China in recent years something seldom paralleled in human history; a nation of 400 million fixing its gaze steadily upon another nation and saying over in its consciousness, "America is our friend, and we want our nation to become like that nation across the Pacific." Every recently returning worker from the China field has been bringing some new and interesting evidence of this fact. The idealism of our American national leaders during the war has turned the hopeful eyes of many distressed nations upon America, but in some of the nations a debt of gratitude has been piling up for years that now is bearing fruit. Though there are other countries in which the situation is striking in China we have a combination of significance and magnitude that deserves special attention.

When the leaders of the Young Men's Christian Association in China last November received a seventy-five word cablegram asking if China would accept \$100,000. as her part in the United War Work Drive it seemed an appallingly large task on which to embark in view of the lack of information in China on the subject. But as the movement gained impetus among the various sections of people it was evident that unexpected interest was going to be shown. At this time there has been turned over to the Treasurer \$1,329,474.49 and the account is still being held open for delayed remittances from out of the way provinces.

What does this tremendous over-subscription indicate? Not an excesss of wealth in China. A vote of confidence in the Young Men's Christian Associations in China? Yes, but still more than that a vote of confidence in America. "American friends, we believe in you and will do our utmost to be classed in the eyes of the world with you," could be readily understood as the inner meaning of that magnificent thirteen -fold response. In one of the cities 15,000 copper coins were counted. In Peking thousands of students made a small donation each. How wide-spread the feeling must have been! The Wu-Han cities alone

rolled up a larger amount than was expected from all China. "America has started this movement," said one of the Chinese leaders, "and that is enough to persuade our people to join in it." Is America worthy of such implicit confidence?

The Chinese have a very interesting gesture when expressing extreme approbation, holding up the right fist with the thumb prominently elevated. "Oh, you come from America," they say, and up goes the fist and thumb to indicate what they think of America.

It seems likely that in spite of the great expense involved, the number of Chinese students studying in America will continue to increase.

one of the hardest things to do to discourage an ambitious young who has set his heart on schooling in America. There are about 1000 students from China in this country now. They show forth by their coming the great confidence their country has in ours. One hundred such students attended the Northfield Conference this year. Eight of them were baptised there. This educational phase of the movement is one that has great possibilities both for us and them.

In the midst of militarism still rampant in the Orient, international aggression, and great illiteracy, nevertheless China struggles on for Constitutional government. She has rejected by powerful action of public opinion the different efforts to restore the monarchy. She knows that what she wants is a republic. The influence of America, with the Burlingame Mission of 1861, the open-door policy of Hay, and the return of the Boxer indemnity fund under Roosevelt has helped China in the past and the effort to become worthy of our friendship is bound to have a chastening and stimulating effect on China in her ent gloomy situation.

China expects idealism from us. There are many who are ignorant and expect nothing. There are many who are selfish and hope for personal aggrandizement, but those who strive and struggle and yearn for better days look to America for reinforcing their faith. Some of us listened with a thrill of surprise as Dr. Eddy last year in one of the Hankow meetings referred to the martyrdom at the hands of a Chinese

mob of Horace Tracy Pitkin. A strange hush was oppressive through the hall as the national disgrace involved was felt, but when Dr. Eddy went on to tell how Pitkin's son is now preparing to go to China the crowd, as one man, broke forth into a storm of applause. The time is going by when they look at Christianity as dependent on foreign help in China, but the more confidence they get in Christ directly the more they appreciate the coming in the right spirit of those to help in spreading the Christ life.

China also expects from America help toward a new business standard marked by efficiency, fairness, and respect in personal relations. The fact that the British merchants in the Yangtze Valley often neglected the third of these points made possible the rapid increase of German influence previous to the war. It is interesting to find in places where American trade has never been a factor there are now coming into China a fine type of progressive young Americans in connection with the consular service, commercial and banking houses. These men can help do for China what her best sons hope for. May their influence prevail and receive our home backing rather than the British-American Tobacco Co. with its exploitation slogan, "A cigarette in the mouth of every man, woman, and child in China," or the promoters of the white and yellow slave traffic, or the American brewers who are now reported to have invested fifteen million dollars for establishing in Shanghai a headquarters from which to foist upon China the liquor traffic which has become unprofitable in America.

Finally China hopes from America for a continued emphasis on international justice. In the past aggression has been the rule on the part of every nation except America in dealing with China. The British Commercial Attaché in Peking assured me last November that he believed Britain would gladly follow America in a new emphasis on co-operation with China as opposed to exploitation of China in development of her limitless resources. Evidently Hay and Knox were right. Certainly no long-sighted statesman can deny that a vigorous, progressive, independent, and friendly China is far more to be desired.

by both Britain and America than any other disposition of China's territory that can be devised. Unfortunately the "elder statesmen" of Japan are following the old code, have plenty of precedents to cite in British and French annals to support their side of the case, and gaining new confidence in the pursuance of their course from their various secret treaties with European countries and China, the Lansing-Ishii agreement and the Shantung decision at Versailles. Traders and missionaries in isolated and dangerous posts have sometimes called upon their governments for protection of life and property. This is a time when we must call upon the governments of Britain and America for moral backing, and on the British and American people for a mighty sanction of public opinion for international justice in Asia as well as in Europe and America. Such a backing would strengthen the moral and religious appeal of missionaries throughout the Orient, and help the Christian movement in Japan to lay foundations for democracy, and in China truly to renovate and uplift the heart of that needy old land so that its resources shall not be exploited with ultimate peril to the world but that the wave of confidence on the part of China and Korea in America be taken at its height, and more than four hundred million people be impressed anew with the fact that unselfishness, to them the peculiar mark of Christianity, still exists, and in enlarging power in the councils of the nations as well as in individual consecrated lives.

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### BUILDING THE KINGDOM

By E. K. McCord

The Kingdom of God is divinely human in that it is of God and for humanity. When Jesus prayed, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done," it was for this world that He was praying. "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." No need to pray that the Kingdom should come in heaven; it was already established there. Only differences, its capital versus labor problems, its social pitfalls, its the earth, with its complex humanity, its class distinction, its racial

moral carelessness, its religious chaos—only the earth, with its complex humanity, has turned prodigal from the Father's house and Kingdom. And for that humanity Christ prayed, "Thy kingdom come on earth."

And to His disciples He said: "This gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony unto all the nations." To this end He commissioned His early disciples, and through them the whole company of His followers to come later. And to this end He sent the Holy Spirit from the Father with power to convict the world of sin and to convince the world of righteousness. And Paul later emphasized the fact that this Spirit seeks human life through which to find expression, through which to do its appointed work.

Upon the Christian, then, falls the responsibility to make his or her life the agent of the Spirit of God for manifesting to the world the things that the world must know of the Kingdom of God.

To be a Christian is more than to be God's child. It is to be God's grown-up workman, with the will to work, and the discernment to work, and the power to work for the fulfillment of Christ's prayer, "Thy kingdom come on earth." Not for the mere sake of establishing His Kingdom here—not that. The Kingdom is not for the Kingdom's good, nor for God's good, but for humanity's good. And the Christian is called to become a **working** man or woman at the task of bringing humanity, individually and corporately, into such harmony with God as will result in such a thorough and complete doing of His will on earth as to make the Kingdom a reality here and now.

We are not now arguing humanity's obligation to come into the Kingdom. That is another aspect of the problem. The fact which confronts the readers of this magazine is that of individual and collective responsibility to so make the value of the Kingdom known that men will desire to come into it; and to so clearly present the way into it that none who desire to enter can fail to find it.

"I am the Way," said Jesus. "No man cometh to the Father but by me." The world needs to know this, and it is to make this known that the Christian has been commissioned of Christ.

Just here a bit of self-analysis might profitably take place. Am I, are you, really a Christian? What shall be the standard by which to measure this fact? Is faith sufficient? But "faith without works is a barren thing," says James. Is the witness of the Spirit within us that we are accepted of God sufficient? But to those whom He had accepted in the name of the Father, Jesus said an emphatic, "Go." "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

So, then, the Christian life is more than being accepted of God—it is also **doing for God**. It is incomplete without this. And the one great task of the Christian is to add his quota of service in the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth and the bringing of humanity into it.

Three months ago we were thinking about those who, far across the seas, were bowing before their own hand-made idol gods, living under the benumbing shadow of superstition and idolatry. They **must** be brought into the Kingdom, and we gave of our mears and sent the message to them.

To-day we are thinking of the men and women and children at home who are equally as destitute spiritually. Some of them are from foreign lands, speaking a foreign tongue, worshiping foreign gods. Some of them are of our own racial blood, in the slums of our cities, out on our great unchurched frontiers, and even in the midst of the more cultured centers also they are to be found, many of them as fully destitute of the gospel of the Kingdom as are those who worship hand-made gods across the sea. For there is such spiritual destitution, even in America. And it is the work of each individual Christian to do his or her part to relieve it—to remove it, and to lead all such into the Kingdom of God.

At the Interchurch World Movement Conference in Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, the statement was made that there are in America fifty million of people unaffiliated with any religion. Doubtless a considerable percentage of these are more or less influenced along religious lines. But it still remains that large numbers of people in America are not only without religious affiliations of any kind, but **without the means** of

such affiliation.

This is appalling; it not only spells religious chaos, but actual danger to the permanency of the commonwealth. It is the province of the Church, and of each individual Christian, to so bring the gospel to bear upon the unaffiliated masses in our midst that not only the red flag of anarchy will become a moral impossibility, but that the red flag of disloyalty to the Kingdom of God shall also become a moral impossibility.

It is each individual Christian's opportunity to prove his loyalty for the Kingdom of God, to manifest his allegiance to Jesus in His work of world -redemption, to assert his love for his fellow men who are destitute of the fundamental principle on which alone his own spiritual riches rest.

—*The Christian Missionary.*

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#### TREASURER'S NOTES

From the Woman's Home Mission page of the **Watchman Examiner** we learn of the World Wide Guild Short Story Contest which is a new feature for 1919-20, and may be entered by any member of the **World Wide Guild**. No subject is assigned, but the story must be written with the definite purpose of stimulating others to missionary interest, and activity. The story need not be a true story, but must be true in its missionary background, as suggested by the two study books. The story will be judged on the following points:

50 per cent—Missionary accuracy.

30 per cent—Achievement of purpose of story.

15 per cent—Literary excellence.

5 per cent—Effective title. Length of story not more than 2000 words. All stories must be in the hands of the Association Committee not later than February 15, 1920. The writer of the story finally selected by the national committee of judges will be sent as a delegate, expense paid, to the nearest summer school of missions."

Again we quote:

### A New Day for Baptists

"The unanimous approval at the annual meetings in Denver and the adoption of a report of the committee of five which had been appointed to suggest plans for the reorganization and unification of the promotional and financial work of the several societies and boards of the Northern Baptist Convention mark a new era in the history of our denomination. There is a challenge in these new plans which calls for a renewed consecration of life, of service, of gifts from Baptists that we may lay a worthy gift at the Master's feet.

Undoubtedly as the reports appear in the denominational press questions will be raised as to the effect of these new plans on the work of the women's societies. We wish to assure the women that this new era calls even a larger service from them than ever before. Women are to have a large share in shaping the new plans and their successful fruition depends in no small degree upon the enthusiasm and helpful co-operation of all our women.

The new general planning board was called together at the close of the convention, and it will take some months to perfect its plans of organization. Provision has been made for State planning boards, which will also require time for organization. In fullest harmony and co-operation with these new plans, the women are expected to carry on the work in the local societies, in the associations and States as during the past year. The apportionments have been sent to the churches, and the women are requested to do their uttermost to inspire the churches to raise the entire apportionment, else the share for work among women and children will not be reached. Begin at once on the apportionment, one-fourth of which should have been sent to the treasury by July 1. All money on united home mission apportionments should be sent as last year to the district secretaries of the Home Mission Society, except in those States having a single collecting agency where the money should be sent to the single collecting agent. All individual and specific gifts, also gifts for annuity bonds, should be sent to Mrs. Washington Laycock, treasurer of the Woman's Home Mission Society."

Speaking of "a better stewardship, consciousness as being "fundamental to any program of advance," Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery adds: "It is coming. The girls of the World Wide Guild are moving one of God's agencies to arouse and shame the church. When twenty working girls take a budget for missions, home and foreign, of \$400, and this big Bible class in twenty minutes pledges \$1,000 for an automobile for a missionary in China, another girls' society averages \$25 a member for benevolence, one city enlists hundreds of girl tithers, we see that a new day is dawning.

By the way how many of our Woman's Missionary Societies have held a **Victory Tea Party**, in accordance with the call to the women of the churches issued by Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. Nuveer, in the **Watchman—Examiner** of June 26? There is also a story, "Hogan and Hogan on the Victory Tea Party" appearing in the same number to be read at these proposed tea parties, if desired.

We have been receiving interesting reports from the **Thank Offering** services. Shall we not hear now the results of blessing and substance coming from Victory Tea Parties?

We are interested to know that Miss Minnie Jimmerson, who has served as State President of Texas F. B. W. M. Society, faithfully and efficiently, has offered herself for Christian service in Central America, and will soon enter upon a course of training. She has given herself very generously to the work of the State, being identified also with the Young Peoples Society of Christian Endeavor. Another young woman of the state, Miss Franklin of Bryan, is anticipating entering the foreign service, though not having determined as yet just where. We wish both these young women, God speed.

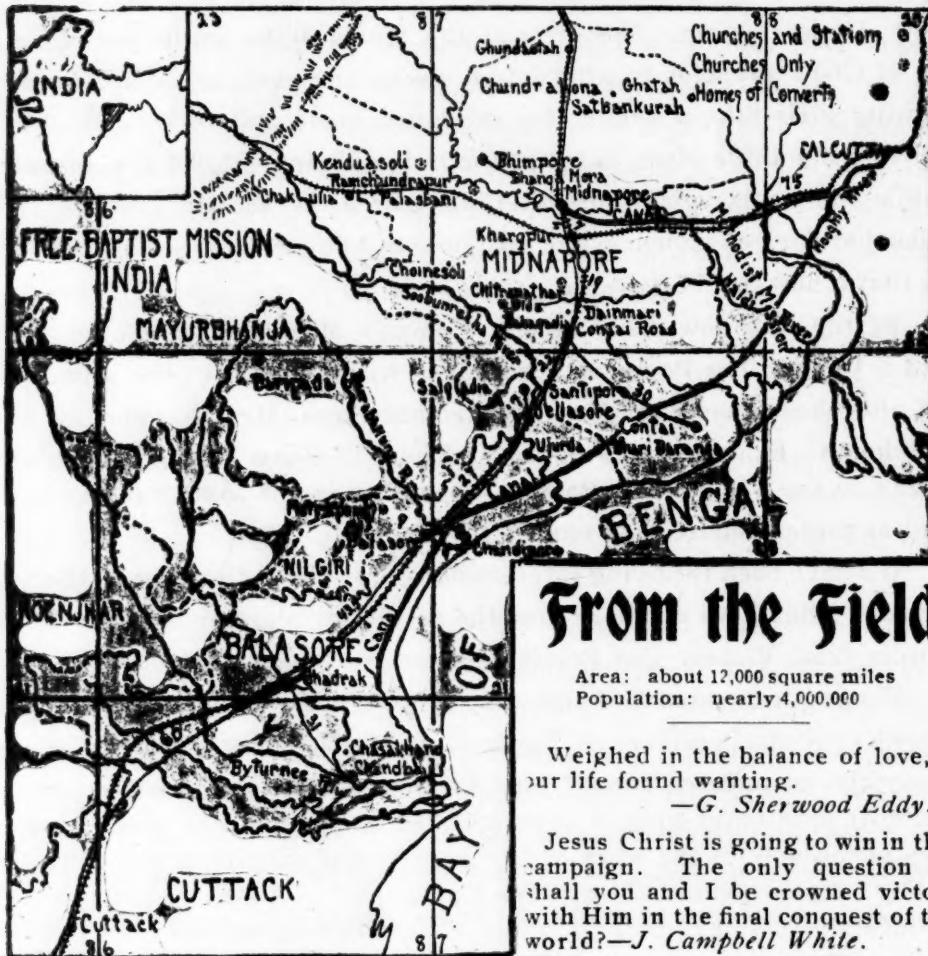
Christian service recruits were never more needed than at the present time.

The second quarter of our fiscal year will be closely approaching when these notes are read.

Shall we not remember the unnecessarily spent interest money made necessary because of tardy gifts?

Most cordially,

—EDYTH R. PORTER.



## From the Field

Area: about 12,000 square miles  
 Population: nearly 4,000,000

Weighed in the balance of love, is  
 our life found wanting.

—G. Sherwood Eddy.

Jesus Christ is going to win in this  
 campaign. The only question is,  
 shall you and I be crowned victors  
 with Him in the final conquest of the  
 world?—J. Campbell White.

The Pagan's myth: through marble lips are spoken,  
 And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and moan  
 Round fan, and altar overthrown and broken,  
 O'er tree-grown barrow and gray ring of stone.

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;  
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;  
 To worship rightly is to love each other,  
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

—Whittier

## DOES IT LOOK EASY?

By Ruth Daniels

"Are there any women here?" we ask of a man sitting on the front veranda.

"No, no women here,"—that means that there are but he does not want us to go to them.

"Yes, but we saw one behind the house. Don't say there are none. May we go in and see them? We won't hurt them, we'll just show them pictures and sing them a few songs. We don't take any pice for it. What's the harm? We are women, they are, too."

After various excuses he finally says. "Alright, go on," and follows along himself. We are taken into the inner court in the center of the house which is open to the sky with verandas all around it. The women have all fled but when we sit down on an old blanket or gunny sack spread on the ground for us and begin a song, the young women peak out one by one, before long the neighbors' wives, daughters and children all come in and by the time the song is finished some twenty-five or forty have gathered. Here is a sight worth seeing, a sweet little wife with her cloth drawn over most of her face, another with a child on either hip, others with more children, ragged and dirty or possibly fresh and clean, several old women and a crowd of half-clothed or unclothed children pushing and pulling each other about. One little black tot covered with dust is crawling about picking up and eating dirt, while his mother—who knows which one she may be?—is too interested in us to notice him.

I start to explain the song—"In this song there are the words "sinner" and "burden" many times. Sin is like—"Here I am interrupted by "What relation is she (the Bible woman) to you?" That is a most amusing question for since one of us is white and the other black, it seems quite evident that we are no relation at all, though one day I was asked if my parents were white.

"She is not related to me. She is a Bengali, I am from biloti

'a foreign country.' "

"What caste is she?" is heard before I can again get started on my explanation. This time the Bible woman answers—"I am a Christian."

"But what caste were you before you became a Christian?"

"I am just a Christian. We don't have caste. Now listen to what the Missababa has to say."

So again I begin, "Sin is like a great big load on our backs and everyone has one. Stealing and quarrelling and anger and envy and lying are all sins. If a mother tells her little boy she has no pice when she has, it is a lie and that is a sin."

"Why, is that a sin?" and this from a grown up young woman!

"Yes, it is a sin to lie and quarrel and scold and say bad words. How are we going to get rid of that burden? There is just one who can carry it for you, that is Jesus and we've come to tell you why He can. If you don't get rid of that burden it will pull you right down to hell." (That word is a common one in their language.)

"Yes, yes," someone in the crowd says, "whatever is written in my forehead."

They have an idea that the whole of their fate is written in their foreheads and so no matter what one does, he will be wicked or good, go to heaven or hell according as God causes him to. So this remark must be answered before going any further. Then the Bible woman, Sorogeni, opens up a roll of colored pictures of the Life of Christ, but before she gets started, some curious young woman asks me—"How many children have you? Where is your husband?" After brief answers to that, Sorogeni begins the story of blind Bartimeus only to be interrupted by another question addressed to me—"Do you put oil on your hair?" Someone of their own number speaks up "No, English people only use soap." We beg them once more to give attention when a scream goes up from among the children quickly followed by a long howl from another as they have given each other a hard blow and pinch in some dispute that has been thus far unnoticed by us.

Perhaps you think this exaggerated or if true, that our time is

wasted. It is really true and I am sure if it were not for the very real sense that we have an unseen Companion with us who can touch them and for the little prayers that we send up all the way along we would be entirely discouraged by these distractions. But just wait and see what happens.

The story of Blind Bartimeus is carefully told and now they have forgotten their questions and curiosity and everyone is interested. At the close of the story the Bible woman says, "We are none of us physically blind like this man was, but isn't there some other way that we are blind? Everyone is hunting for salvation but you are groping all around here and there, bowing to Durga, Kali, Siva, Sitola, Lakshmi and so on—330 million of them, but they can't give you salvation. You go to Puri, to Srikhetra, to Benares, to all these places of pilgrimage, do you find salvation there? You are hunting for it blindly. When a man goes and bathes in the Ganges, the water is so dirty that he doesn't even get physically clean. Do you think he gets salvation?" There is a sincere answer of "No, he doesn't" from the crowd.

"Then you are like the blind man groping for the road to heaven. When a man spends so much money to go to Puri, does his sin go away?" This time from amid the "No's" some young fellow speaks up, "Of course, why else does he go at so much expense? Surely his sin is all gone." "But you can't prove it. If his sin goes, his character will be changed. Does a woman who quarrels, stop quarrelling after she has been to Puri?" Everyone laughs "As if that quarrelsome nature could ever go."

"Again does the thief leave off theiving?" and the answer comes, "No, never." "Then how can you say his sin is gone? He just goes down there and gives all his money to the Brahman priests, doesn't he? They are the ones who deceive you and swindle you. You pay huge sums of money to see a lifeless Juggernaut and come home penniless, while your Brahmins get rich." It is surprising how readily the people assent to most cutting, but true, criticisms of their priests, the Brahmins.

"But if you come to Jesus he will open your eyes and show you the

way to heaven and change all your nature." Then she goes on through several miracles, then the Prodigal Son which always appeals (but we take pains to omit the fatted calf, considering their prejudices). The lesson of the sinful woman who washed Jesus' feet is always very fitting and the wonder of a great religious teacher allowing an outcaste to touch Him is as impressive to them as it was to Simon and his Pharisee friends. At last we come to His death, that awesome scene which touches the heart and brings out an expression of reverence on the faces of even those who thought only of hair oil and children and caste before. For vividness we tell of the Brahmans and priests who envied Jesus because if they lost all their clients, "How could they put the pot on the fire?" in Indian phraseology. "But Jesus came to die, so He gave Himself into their hands, for in your sacred books it is written, is it not? that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin and for that reason you put the red mark on the door at time of worship? But do you think that goats' or buffaloes' blood can save so high a creation as man, who has a soul?" "No, no." "For that reason Jesus came to give His blood for you and us."

So on until the end and Jesus' last command. "Do you think if He had known that you could be saved by calling on the gods or Ram or Krishna, He would have suffered all this pain? Or if we were telling you just a story that we hadn't proven by experience, we would take so much trouble to come to you?" "No, of course, it is true, all true." We rise to go and the friendliness and sympathy shown in the faces of some make us know that they have caught a bit of the love of our Master and that this last answer of theirs has come from sincere hearts. But even here we are not too optimistic, for we doubt if all have fully understood, and rightly, for as we start away, we hear one say to another by way of explanation, "You see it is all the same, they talk of Christ and we of Krishna, they are all the same." We are glad to have caught this for it gives us an opportunity to compare for them these lives as different as light and darkness and point out to them how Krishna lied and stole and beat and killed and violated all laws of propriety and modesty,

all of which they admit. One of their names for Krishna means "He who takes away" and it is a joy to be able to bring them the message of the one who truly "takes away" sir. Many another question may keep us with them longer, but we go away with the assurance from within that the message has gone home to a few hearts, and the memory of a few eager faces that we can't forget fixed in our own hearts.

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## Our Quiet Hour

### EVERY NEED FULLY MET.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be." This is a promise of God to every child of God, of all the ability and strength that he has need of, in enduring every trial and in doing every service to which he is called of God in his day and sphere. It is, in fact, an assurance to him of omnipotence so far as he properly requires it. This ought to give courage and be a comfort, without stint or hindrance, to every sore-pressed and heavily-burdened child of God, in whatever he is called to do or to endure. But in order to avail himself of this particular promise, a believer must observe and have in mind the true limits and provisions of the promise. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Our day and our sphere are of God; the need, the call, are ours. A farmer in his field has no need or right to ask for the skill and knowledge of a ship's captain. A school boy has no right to ask for the ability to do a college president's work. Nor has any one of us a right to fear that we shall not be strong enough or wise enough to do tomorrow's pressure of duties and trials. Tomorrow is never our day. A promise of omnipotence and omniscience in our present day and sphere ought to satisfy—and it will satisfy every longing and faith-filled child of God.

—Selected.

Morning prayer strikes the key-note for the day's harmony. As you kneel in loving conversation with the Father in Heaven, are you think-

ing most of getting His help in carrying out your plans during the day, or of offering your energies to be used in carrying out His plans? "Show me Thy plans, and use me to further them," is a better prayer than "Help me in my work today." Such a start in the early morning hours loyally lived up to, moment by moment, will give a day of greater usefulness in the work of the kingdom than any human planning could compass. Hours loyally lived up moment by moment, will give a day of greater usefulness in the work of the kingdom than any human planning could compass. It will dignify and exalt the business desk, the home duties, the household accounts, the lesson preparation, the social calls,—for every hour's duty is God's greatest work for us till done. Let us make His plans our plans, and we cannot fail.

—Selected.

"Lo, I am with you always," Christ declares. And many souls have found the rich fulfillment of his promise. Sometimes it comes to us with a strange surprise, when we are living on as if we lived alone, when we are sitting working silently in some still room which we think is empty but for our own presence, when we are busy in some work which seems as if it were our work, to be done as we should please; slowly, sweetly, surely we become aware of a richer presence which is truly with us, of a love which enfolds us and an authority which controls us. We are not alone. The work is not our work, but his. The strength to do it with is not to be called up out of the depths of ourselves, but taken down from the heights of him. The room is full, the world is full of Jesus. He is doing what he said he would do. He is with us as he said he would be.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS

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"The work which we count so hard to do,  
He makes it easy, for He works too;  
The days that are long to live are His,  
A bit of His bright eternities,  
And close to our need His helping is."

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All one's life is music, if one touches the notes rightly and in time.

—Ruskin

## Helps for Monthly Meetings

### TEXT BOOK

Beginning with the October meeting, our societies will take up the study of foreign missions with the book, "A Crusade of Compassion for the Healing of the Nations." Dr. Allen's introduction to the book gives a glimpse of the need and value of medical missions in our fields: "What has been done is but a drop in the ocean of what may be done, nay must be done if the women at home prove themselves worthy of the men and women who are laying down their lives for our freedom. The whole Church must be mobilized. No woman who seeks a worth-while task can afford to miss having a share in it. Closed hospitals, which a little self-denial might open; suffering children, unattended; women crying out inarticulately for help which you can give—this little handbook goes forth to try to make you hear that cry—and hearing it to respond. The response is the measure of your interest not in them or it, but in the Man, Christ Jesus, who is still saying today, 'I have given you an example.'"

### SEPTEMBER MEETING ACQUAINTANCE MEETING

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## Juniors

### THE GREAT DIPPER

One warm summer evening the children and their mother were sitting on the porch watching the stars twinkle in the sky.

"Look at the Great Dipper," said one of the boys: "how very bright it is tonight. Do you see those two stars that are the pointers and always point right toward the North Star? That is the star that the sailors watch when they guide their ships across the sea."

"Yes," said one of the younger children, "I can see that North

Star very plainly now. Do you know, mother, they told us at school that in England the Dipper is called Charles' Wain, for wain means wagon; but I don't think that it looks like a wagon, do you?"

"No," answered the big brother; "I agree with you, sister, it does not look like a wagon, nor does it look like a bear either, and yet sometimes they call it the Great Bear, and the smaller group of stars near by they call the Little Bear."

"I do not think that it looks like a bear at all," said the little girl. "But I do think it looks like a great dipper, and the smaller group of stars looks like a little dipper. Oh, mother, please tell us a story about it!"

"Yes," said the mother, "I will tell you an old, old story which my dear old grandmother used to tell to me when I was a little girl:

"Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a terrible famine over all the land. The sun was so very hot that it burred up all the little rivers and streams, and as no water fell for many days the people suffered horribly from thirst. A little girl and her mother lived in a small home at the edge of a forest, and when they could not find any water to drink the poor mother became ill with a fever, and she begged for a drink of fresh water until the little girl could not bear it longer, and so she took a small tin dipper and went out alone into the dark night. She wandered on and on through the forest, searching for a little brook or spring, but she could find no water. Then she put her dipper down upon the ground and she prayed to the Heavenly Father to help her. And when she looked at the dipper her prayers had been answered, for she found that it was full of clear, cold water."

"Although she was faint and thirsty herself she did not taste the water, but she ran for home as fast as she could go. As she hurried along she was so weak that she stumbled upon some stones and fell upon the ground. Then she felt a warm touch upon her hand, and, looking down she saw a poor little dog who was whining piteously and begging for a drop of water. 'My mother would not like to have a poor little dog suffer,' she said to herself, and so she poured a few drops

of the precious water into her hand and let the dog lap it up, and immediately he was so refreshed that he stood upon his feet and joyously barked his thanks.

"The little girl did not see what had happened to her dipper, but it had suddenly changed from tin to silver and it held more water than before. She ran on as fast as she could go, for she was so very worried about her poor mother; but soon she was stopped by a tall stranger, who smiled down into her eyes and reaching out his hand for her dipper, pointed to his parched lips. She understood at once that he longed for a drink of water. 'My mother would wish me to share with a suffering stranger,' she said, as she held her dipper toward him. And suddenly, as the stranger drank, the dipper changed from silver to gold and the golden dipper was full to overflowing. But the little girl did not see this change.

"She was very weak and faint, but she did not take a drop of water for herself. She hurried to give it to her mother. As she held it to her lips she opened her eyes and became well and strong once more. And then the mother saw her brave little daughter, and she held the dipper to the lips of the child, and as they shared the refreshing water suddenly a wonderful thing happened: the golden dipper changed into a diamond dipper covered over with sparkling stones. Then it seem to go up, up, into the sky, and a far-a-way voice from heaven said softly: 'Blessed is he that giveth a cup of cold water in My name.'

"And now, when we look at those shining stars which make the 'Diamond Dipper' sparkle in the sky we will think of this old story of the little girl and her deed of loving service."

—LADIES HOME JOURNAL.

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Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

—Emerson

For things far off we toil, while many a good,  
Not sought because too near, is never gained.

—Wordsworth

# Contributions

## F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

### Receipts for June 1919

All money, including Thank Offerings, intended for church apportionment credit, should be sent to District Treasurers and Joint Secretaries, Home and Foreign; but gifts not intended for church apportionment may still be sent to the Treasury of F. B. W. M. Society, and such gifts, when so specified, may be applied on life membership.

#### MAINE

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| Augusta, Penny Memorial Ch. W M S  |       |
| T O: Storer, \$15.89; Bengal-Orissa, \$15.89; Brown Babies, \$3.34   | 25 12 |
| Bangor, Essex St W M S. (\$3.50 T O to Miss Olson, life members, Mrs Julia D Bryant, Mrs Nora A Anderson                     |       |
| Biddeford, Jefferson St F B W M S for Storer College   | 25 0  |
| Lewiston, Main St United Bapt W M S T O for Contingent Fund  | 25 00 |
| Primary Dpt, for Miss E E Barnes, (L M, Mrs M H Winslow)   | 12 30 |
| Ocean Park, Toilers-by-the-Sea, T O for Contingent Fund  | 64 30 |
| So Berwick, W M S T O, $\frac{1}{2}$ Bengal-Orissa; $\frac{1}{2}$ Storer, (L M, Florence J Sleeper; \$6.00 L M, Erna Maddox) |       |
| Steep Falls, W M S T O, $\frac{1}{2}$ Bengal-Orissa; $\frac{1}{2}$ Storer  | 16 00 |
| Woodfords, Mrs T F Maxim, T O  | 1 00  |

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE

|   |      |
|---|------|
| Hampton, Aux, T O \$25.00; $\frac{1}{2}$ Bengal-Orissa; $\frac{1}{2}$ Storer; Zenana, teacher Balasore, \$24.00, L M, Mrs Warren toward L M, Mrs Belle Perkins \$5.00 |      |
| Laconia, So Baptist Ch (United) T O, C F \$10.00; Helper, \$10.00   |      |
| New Hampton, (T O to Miss Olson \$35.00) Life Members, Mrs Linna K Sanborn, Mrs Lillian F Bickford  |      |
| Pittsfield, F B S S Juniors for Miss Barnes   |      |
| Rochester, True Merril T O, (Sent Miss Olson \$30.00) Contingent Fund   |      |
| Whitefield, F B Aux, one share Storer College, \$10.00; for keeping Whitefield Room, Myrtle Hall, in repair, \$15.00  | 8 00 |

#### MASSACHUSETTS

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| Haverhill, Winter St Aux T O, (To Miss Olson, \$27.00) Dea Page's Girls for salary Miss Barnes, \$1.00; Contingent Fund, \$16.00, (L M, Miss F L Hayes.) |       |
| "A Friend" for higher education of girls in India  | 20 00 |

#### NEW YORK

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| Franklin, Mrs Agnes M Powers for Bengal-Orissa | 2 00  |
| Otego, C E for native worker Bengal-Orissa     | 27 60 |
| Pt Dickinson, S S for Priscilla in S O         | 5 00  |

#### OHIO

|                                |      |
|--------------------------------|------|
| Harmony L M, for Bengal-Orissa | 7 15 |
|--------------------------------|------|

#### MICHIGAN

|   |       |
|---|-------|
| Alba, Mrs J T Ortrom and Mr C E Martindale, in memory of parents, for Mlynolini in S O                                | 15 00 |
| Hillsdale, W M S (T O to Dr Lake \$60.00. Life Members; Shirley Smith Thompson, M D; Mrs C S Hayes, Mrs A J McDermid) |       |
| Pontiac, Mrs M E Patten, toward share in salary Miss E E Barnes   | 1 00  |

#### MINNESOTA

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| Nashville, Aux, T O, $\frac{1}{2}$ Bengal-Orissa; $\frac{1}{2}$ Storer, L M's, Mrs Johanna Pegovs, Miss Mary Patcher | 52 00 |
| Winnebago, W M S for sal'y Mrs I M Holder (on Phillips' pledge)  | 10 00 |

#### KANSAS

|   |       |
|---|-------|
| Buffalo Valley, C R and W M Soc'y, T O 3 shares sal'y Miss E E Barnes, \$12.00; Contingent Fund, \$3.50 | 15 50 |
|---|-------|

#### JAPAN

|   |      |
|---|------|
| Yokahama, Mrs Mary Phelps, "In Memory Dr and Mrs Ward." | 5 00 |
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#### MISCELLANEOUS

|   |       |
|---|-------|
| Income:                                 |       |
| Babb Fund for work, Balasore            | 10 63 |
| Geer " " " "                            | 17 50 |
| Hanson Fund for Hauzon School, Balasore | 5 00  |
| Starbirds Fund for child S O            | 20 00 |

Total June 1919. \$530.00

EDYTH R. PORTER, *Treas.*  
47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

#### FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of — to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

